

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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MISS PAULA EDWARDES in "Winsome Winnie."

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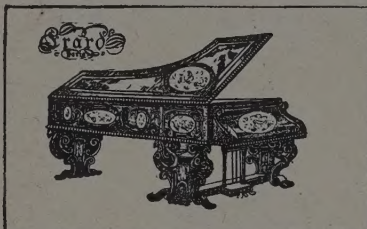
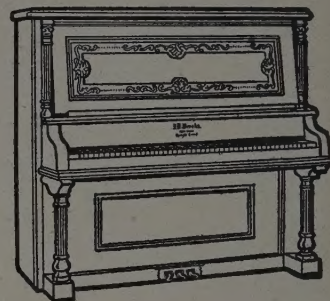
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The Theatre Magazine

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MEYER BROS. & CO.

PUBLISHERS

26 West 33rd Street

New York City

Burlesquing Wagner

One great piece of fun, in which Edouard de Szke and I were wont to indulge for the special amusement of Jean, was an imitation of the later declamatory style of Wagner. At the same time neither brother knew by heart two consecutive bars of any more advanced score than that of "Lohengrin." Edouard, however, shared the wonderful imitative faculty of his elder brother, and had a sufficiently good notion of the character of Wagnerian recitative to be able to caricature it with facility. Accordingly, I could improvise upon the piano a "fearful and wonderful" series of *leitmotiven*, varied by strange resonances and startling modulations, which Edouard for his part would follow from key to key with marvelous lertness, declaiming the while the most unvocal phrases in an impossible guttural language which might easily have been mistaken for Chinese as for German. The effect of this absurd improvisation *à deux* was certainly very ludicrous, and from no one did it evoke heartier laughter than from the artist who was ere long to portray in ideal fashion the noblest of Wagner's heroes.—From "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London."

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THE THEATRE CALENDAR was published for the first time in 1903 and the edition was exhausted in a very few weeks. We were unable to fill a great number of duplicate orders

The price of THE THEATRE CALENDAR was \$2.00

The Theatre Calendar for 1904

is beautifully gotten up in a more elaborate style and contains magnificent reproductions of portraits of the following favorite players:

Miss Edna Wallace Hopper, in "The Silver Slipper"; Miss Anna Held, in "The Little Duchess"; Mrs. Leslie Carter, in "Du Barry"; Miss Blanche Walsh, in "Resurrection"; Miss Lillian Russell, as "The Marquise"; Miss Mabelle Gilman, in "The Mocking Bird"; Miss Julia Marlowe, in "Queen Fiammetta"; Miss Blanche Ring, in "The Blonde in Black"; Miss Annie Russell, in "Mice and Men"; Miss Cecelia Loftus, as "Ophelia"; Miss Irene Bentley, in "The Girl from Dixey"; Miss Henrietta Crosman, in "The Sword of the King".

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THE THEATRE

VOL. IV., No. 36

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1904

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



MISS MARY MARBLE

A cousin of Joseph Jefferson and grandniece of William Warren, the well-known Boston comedian. Miss Marble made a hit some time ago as the Orphan in Hoyt's play "A Milk White Flag" and later was a member of a stock company presenting the Hoyt farces in San Francisco. For the past few seasons she has been a member of the Dunne-Harlan company presenting musical comedies in the South. Next season she is to be a co-star in a new piece by George M. Cohan.

PLAYS and PLAYERS

NOTICE!

"The Triumph of Love," the play by Martha Morton Conheim which won the prize in our recent play contest, will be produced at a special matinee at Charles Frohman's Criterion Theatre on Monday afternoon, February 8th. The players who will interpret this piece will form one of the most notable casts seen in New York in years. They include Miss Minna Gale-Haynes, formerly leading woman with Lawrence Barrett, and who returns to the stage for this occasion; William Harcourt, Carlotta Nillson, Maclyn Arbuckle, Grace Filkins, Victoria Addison, Harold Howard, R. Paton Gibbs, F. F. Mackay, Stanton Elliott, Grace Heyer, Ann Archer, Stanley Hawkins, Douglas Wood, May Davenport Seymour, George Backus, R. R. Neill, and others. The play is now in rehearsal under the able stage direction of Max Figman. Unusual interest is being shown in the forthcoming performance, and applications for seats are reaching this office daily in great numbers. The usual Criterion prices will prevail and the proceeds of the performance will be handed over to the Actors' Fund of America. All who wish to be present should read the notice that appears at the foot of this page.

IN a season unprecedented for the trashy character of most of its productions the advent of players of the authority and repute of Miss Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner is a dramatic event of extraordinary importance. These two admirable artists represent in their persons the traditions of our stage at its best and their matured art, compared with the puny efforts of would-be imitators may be likened to the dimming of a rush candle by the glory of an arc light. After enjoying their performances in "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," "The School for Scandal" and other classics of our drama, the playgoer, thirsty for the really good things

of the stage, can only regret that their stay at the Lyric Theatre is so short and that New York, with all its boasted wealth, intelligence and culture, does not yet possess a stock company or repertoire theatre where players of this calibre and plays of this quality might be a permanent attraction instead of, as now, an occasional treat.

The Katherine of Miss Rehan—probably the best impersonation of the Shrew that our stage has ever known—is familiar to theatregoers. It is now seventeen years since this actress made her first triumph in the part when her performance astonished the public by its originality, authority, buoyancy and vigor. Her own splendid physique and handsome face filled every requirement of the ideal, and her gradual transformation from the termagant into the loving, submissive wife was delightfully subtle and true to life. Time has, indeed, impaired to some extent the superb figure Miss Rehan once presented as the Shrew. The eyes that once flashed lightnings are now a little weary, the delicious mouth, once curled in haughty scorn, is slightly drawn, and these changes become particularly noticeable when Katherine is subdued and ready to bestow all the charms of lovely womanhood on the victorious Petruchio. But this excepted, it is the same splendid impersonation, and the old Rehan smile came over the actress' features



MISS ADA REHAN AS KATHERINE

when a dozen curtain calls on the opening night proved to her that neither she nor her art had been forgotten.

The Petruchio of Otis Skinner is a perfect performance. The character is not an agreeable one and in hands less competent easily becomes a noisy braggart with whom all sympathy is impossible. But as played by Mr. Skinner, the

SEATS FOR THE SPECIAL PERFORMANCE OF "THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE"

Reserved Seats for the prize play performance are on sale at the offices of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 26 West 33d Street, New York (Telephone 1749 Madison), and also at the Box Office of the Criterion Theatre. The prices are as follows:

Boxes	\$15.00 and \$12.00	Balcony, next four rows	1.50
Orchestra	\$2.00	“ Last three rows	1.00
Balcony, 1st three rows	\$2.00	Family Circle	75c. and 50c.

Tickets ordered by mail must be accompanied by remittance. . . . Seats reserved in order as applications are received

character is at once sympathetic and loveable. Fiery and tempestuous in his struggle with the Shrew, his real genial and kindly nature is plainly apparent to everyone else, and his delivery of the Shakespearean lines is a constant delight to the ear. This actor's elegant speech, superb voice, fine physique and matured art easily place him at the head of American romantic actors.

If Richard Harding Davis had made of his "Ranson's Folly" a distinct comedy or a frank melodrama, he would have achieved an unqualified success with the play. A young army officer, tiring of the monotony of garrison life, declares that he intends to amuse himself by holding up the stage-coach. A wager is made and he leaves on his expedition. We have plenty of situations, scenes of emotion, of comedy, of melodrama, but all without consistency. Robert Edeson is an actor of many-sided qualities, and he should have the courage to make no compromises with obvious imperfections in a play as a whole, even at the expense of scenes favorable to himself as an actor. Miss Sandol Milliken, as the heroine, gives a charmingly natural performance.

Given a clergyman who has himself taught boxing secretly by a professional pugilist, a slip of a sister who is facile in love, a newspaper reporter who gets wind of the happenings, and sedate people susceptible of being involved in a little whirlwind of comedy, and you have the elements of Augustus Thomas' latest comedy "The Other Girl". The success of this play of real comic force, genuine in every way, is indeed comedy relief in a tragic season. Mr. Thomas, on principle, selects subjects of the hour and living characters of the moment. This, of course is true dramatic authorship. Lionel Barrymore, as the prizefighter, played the part with such discretion and naturalness, without a particle of exaggeration, that he saved it from farce and made it true comedy. Richard Bennett, as the newspaper reporter, also struck a new and genuine note. Joseph Wheelock, the accepted suitor of the slip of a girl, gave us a few vastly entertaining moments in which his natural acting helped to complete the sense of unaffected truth throughout the play. Miss Drina de Wolfe after compromising herself with the pugilist, compromises her beauty with a makeup that is ghastly in the extreme, and otherwise misses her points.

"Sergeant Kitty," in which Miss Virginia Earl is appearing at Daly's is a piece with plenty of movement, and military color and martial life make up for any literary or technical deficiencies. Not that the libretto is dull; beside the book of "My Lady Molly" it shines like a diamond of the purest water, for it has flashes of trenchant humor and wit, while its lyrics are smooth-flowing and apt.

"The Medal and the Maid," is of conventional pattern and its forced humor and shop-worn plot will hardly secure for it here the success it is said to have had in London. James Powers and Miss Jeanette Lowrie work hard to amuse, but apart from these principals the performance drags. In the second act Miss Emma Carus made a hit with a song entitled "Zanzibar," the accompanying "business" being the appear-

ance of girls attired as monkeys who roll about the stage.

Miss Amelia Bingham, conspicuous among those who encourage the American dramatist, has turned aside to produce Pierre Decourcelle's "Olympe." The play is staged at the Knickerbocker Theatre lavishly and care has been given to every artistic detail. But it is an uninteresting piece, poorly acted, and the essentially foreign situations and characters at no time strike home.



MISS AMELIA BINGHAM IN "OLYMPE"



Byron, N. Y.

SCENE IN "SERGEANT KITTY" AT DALY'S THEATRE

Clyde Fitch's methods in playwriting are peculiarly his own. In the details of his work he has a lightness and firmness of artistic touch that distinguish him for skill. In the minor matters of technique he is masterful, but his point of view as to the larger functions of the dramatic art cannot be admired. Novelty of subject and treatment is always desirable, but Mr. Fitch, seeking for the new, loses himself in detail, and is unmindful of sincere and substantial things. His latest play, "Glad of It," at the Savoy Theatre, reaches the highest point of his peculiar skill and the lowest plane of value. He is a scene writer, first of all. Has he a grab bag of scenes written at odd times out of which he draws plays at will? All these incidents and characters are obviously readymade before he really sets about writing a play. Such scenes as a piazza at a hotel-by-the-sea running across the stage, a man making his toilet in a room of the second story of the hotel, women below annoyed by an invasion of mosquitoes, an irruption of the Princeton baseball club, with an incidental endless-chain game, the Princeton yell, all this is pure Fitch. The first scene in "Glad of It" is a dramatization of a department store, with the elevator and the shop girls and usual incidents. The second scene is the dramatization of a rehearsal on the stage of the Savoy Theatre itself. Mr. Fitch has the faculty of giving newness to all that he does, for the scene is better in its way, than the one made familiar by Rosina Vokes, nor is Mr. Fitch servilely imitative, for his eye supplies him with points that are all his own. His pictures of life are accurate, veracious and genuine. His figures are always animated and live. You have seen them before, but not always on the stage. This is an indisputable merit. That particular fish of fable which changed its glistening colors so beautifully as it died,

may serve as a kind of prototype of a play like "Glad of It." As soon as the colors cease to glisten and change, the fish is dead. There has been no substance. Everything has been incidental. Characters by the score have passed out of the action of the play before it ends, and practically nobody is alive when the curtain falls.

Chauncey Olcott, at the New York Theatre, is slightly out of his customary orbit, but his qualities are genuine enough for audiences anywhere. His new play, "Terence," a dramatization by Mrs. Nash Morgan, is primitive, but the action is kept animated by clever stage devices, and the personality of Olcott amply covers deficiencies. A hero in disguise as the driver of a coach, a rascally lawyer and lost estates, a villain in the opposing lover, and a maiden seemingly beyond the reach of the humble suitor in disguise are not elements that lead us to expect more than an entertainment that may serve mainly as a medium for Olcott in lovemaking and singing his way to the approbation of audiences. The play accomplishes its purpose. Some of Mr. Olcott's songs, "The Girl I Used To Know," "Tic, Tac, Too," "My Own Dear Irish Queen," are worth hearing.

"The Virginian," produced at The Manhattan Theatre, is a dramatization of Owen Wister's novel of the same name by the author and Kirke La Shelle. The story is that of a love affair between an Eastern woman of refinement, a school teacher, and a Western ranchman. This is nothing new in dramas of the kind, but the play is worth seeing. Dustin Farnum gave a spirited and accurate characterization of the principal figure in the drama, and Frank Campeau as Trampas, and Guy Bates Post as Steve, sustained the sincerity of a performance notable in its depiction of Western life.

One begins to lose faith in the astuteness and acumen of our local managers when a musical comedy of the pattern and character of "My Lady Molly" is seriously put forth for public support. What could have persuaded Mr Frohman that the least interest would be stirred by Geo H. Jessop's tedious book and Sydney Jones' uninspired score is one of those problems too many times asked this season. It is not that the piece recently heard at Daly's was worse than many of its kind. It was its hopeless mediocrity that bored to distraction. The setting, England 1750, was handsome and the principals talented, but the material was not there. "My Lady Molly" was a pale reflex of "Erminie" with a heroine of the Henrietta Crosman type, masquerading in male attire to be near her love. This rôle was invested with dainty grace by Vesta Tilley, but her introduced songs, however inappropriately projected, were the one bright spot in a dreary waste of prolonged gabble. Adele Ritchie made a pleasing figure as Alice Coverdale and Belle Robinson's skilful and magnetic feet twinkled with constant regularity. Very pompous was Sydney Deane as the hero, but there was dignity and character to David Torrence's sketch of Sir Miles Coverdale. As an Irish Cadeaux, Richard F. Carroll merited praise for his agile dancing and the verve and briskness of his acting.

It is gratifying in this season of inept mediocrity to occasionally find a piece, which, if not luminously brilliant, is at least direct, clean and amusing. Had the critical fraternity not been so frequently deceived this year and its

spirit of pessimism so encouraged by failure after failure "Harriet's Honeymoon" would undoubtedly have been hailed with greater manifestations of wholesome approval. But be that as it may, Leo Dietrichstein's new comedy at the Garrick pleased a considerable part of the theatre-going

public while it is further likely to prove a useful and profitable medium for the display of Miss Mary Mannering's engaging if not too subtle art. While impugning nothing to Mr. Dietrichstein's originality, it must be confessed that he has carefully and with profit studied the models of the German farce writers, Von Schonthan, Kadelburg, Von Moser and Blumenthal. The action, complications and character sketches suggest that lengthy series of farces which enjoyed such long time furor at Daly's. Mistaken identity is its starting point. An American couple is stranded at Kyrnhalden. The groom has lost his pocketbook, which is found, of course, by another who assumes his personality. The treatment, however, of this time-worn device is compelling in its humorous strength, nor is there too violent

a wrench to the imagination to give it force. The situations flow naturally and the necessary explanations are vividly and promptly expressed.

Miss Mannering is the wife who resents the intrusion of the Wall street spirit into her honeymoon. The varying moods with which the rôle is invested give her an opportunity to pretty well span the gamut of human emotions. She is prettily petulant, engagingly spirited, where she assumes to be a prima donna for purposes of raising the wind, and fairly moving in the serious situation where she



MISS EDITH FASSETT
Recently seen as Ariel in Warde and James' production of "The Tempest"



believes her husband false. But the creation is by no means perfectly composed and many of her moments suffer from abrupt transitions and hurried treatment. Arthur Byron shows what a sterling actor he is by an alert and graphic impersonation of the newly-married husband, who can not divorce himself from the stock ticker. The familiar figure of the pompous Dogberry-like police official was drolly painted by Thomas A. Wise, while Henry Kolker brought real distinction to the masquerading Prince of Saxenhausen. Adolph Jackson, Edward See, Louise Nollister and Lillie Hall in minor rôles were all in the picture.

Sincerity and untheatrical pathos seem to find their best vehicle in simple stories. "Merely Mary Ann," Israel Zangwill's play, to be seen at the Garden Theatre, is a case in point. A country girl, the slavey at a London boarding-house, silently adores a young composer who does not make his fame and fortune as fast as he would, and whose promises to pay the landlady finally cease to be effective. In casting about what to do and where to go he considers Mary Ann's suggestion that she would go with him and continue her loving cares. Her absolute innocence becomes plain to him and he repents of his momentary thought. In the meanwhile, a fortune of millions is left to the girl. She is as ignorant of the significance of so much money as she is innocent of evil. He is too proud to accept her love now, and leaves without bidding her good-bye. She is heartbroken. Six years later they meet again, he now famous and she refined, but still simple of heart, and love has its fulfillment in promised marriage. The fourth and last act, is absolutely undramatic, and betrays ignorance of the indispensable methods of the art. It is acted story pure and simple and dreary beyond words. The other acts, however, are full of delightful incidents and charming episode. Miss Eleanor Robson, as the lovelorn maiden, possesses a voice of liquid pathos, and she gave expression to emotion so truly at all times that no note of artificiality crept in anywhere.

Her performance is something to see, for so true an artist can go

far and her progress will be interesting to follow. Zangwill himself is occasionally meretricious, trivial and tricky. The countess with "nothing to count," for example, is atrocious. Zangwill has overdrawn Mary Ann, but Miss Robson reconciles us to that prodigy of innocence. While Mary Ann scrubs, makes the fire, waits on the table, and blacks the boots, she is not typical in the matter of untidiness and comic awkwardness. She is an ideal slavey, and the performance is unique. Notwithstanding the simplicity of the plot, the second and third acts contain ample variety of scenes. A scene with the music publisher whose commercial instincts torture the composer, is well conceived and played. Edwin Arden did not give to the composer the temperament inherent in it. Lancelot, the adored, for that matter, is a good deal of a cad, and by no means the complement of Mary Ann. Miss Ada Dwyer, the landlady; Miss Crews, as Rosie, her daughter; Herbert Carr, as the commercial publisher; all contributed characters that to the simplicity of the play added fidelity to life.

"Little Mary," recently seen at the Empire, and the latest example of the humor of James M. Barrie, failed to please the jaded palates of New York playgoers. The truth is, the piece promised a great deal which was not realized. Only a humorist could conceive the idea that a successful play could be written around that necessary but most vulgar organ the Human Stomach; and there can be no doubt that Mr. Barrie was laughing at the public expense when he presented it as a serious theatrical proposition. Miss Jessie Busley, always artistic, was interesting as the young person charged with a mission to reform the stomachs of the upper ten.



MISS LOUISE CLOWES

Last season with Mrs. Fiske. Now playing with Robt. Downing in "Hon. John North"



Byron, N. Y.

SCENE IN "AN ENGLISH DAISY" AT THE CASINO

Scenes in the Stage Production of "The Virginian"



THE VIRGINIAN
(Dustin Farnum)

RALDY
(Frank Nelson)

STEVE
(Guy Bates Post)

TRAMPAS
(Frank Campeau)

HONEY WIGGIN
(Jos. Callahan)

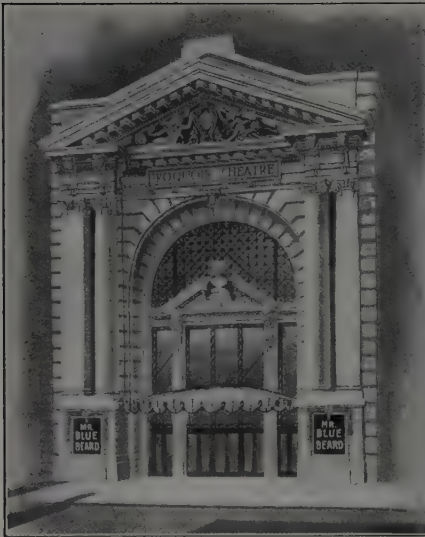
NEBRASKY
(Bennet Musson)

Act I. The quarrel between Trampas and the Virginian



Act II. The Virginian woos Molly (Agnes Ardeck)

Act III. Trampas peers into Molly's cottage to see if the Virginian is there



Exterior of the Iroquois Theatre



Promenade Foyer. The greatest loss of life occurred on the top of the staircase on the right which leads to the upper galleries

The Lesson of the Chicago Fire

READERS of this magazine who saw the article in our last issue entitled: "Are All Our Theatres Safe?" were doubtless struck by the extraordinary coincidence of its appearance in print almost simultaneously with the outbreak of the appalling theatre fire in Chicago which cost no fewer than 587 human lives. Our January number was put on sale in New York on Wednesday morning, December 30, at 9 o'clock. The Iroquois Theatre was destroyed by fire at 3.45 o'clock on the same afternoon. Our article, it is almost unnecessary to add, was written and printed a long time before. In fact, it had been prepared for the Christmas number, but was crowded out. To many readers its appearance in print at a so timely a moment was regarded as a mere accident, yet it was more than that. It was the voice of the spirit of prophecy foretelling the coming holocaust. Although the horror occurred in Chicago and our warning concerned only New York, the disaster might have happened here just as well, the conditions in many of our theatres—as pointed out in the article—being practically the same.

The story of the Chicago horror, in brief, is this:

The magnificent new Iroquois Theatre, situated on Randolph street, was opened to the public on November 23, 1903. The new temple of the Drama was generally conceded to be the most beautiful theatre in the West and its spacious and imposing stairways and immense stage, presumably equipped with all the latest improvements, inclined all to class it with the safest. It was owned by William J. Davis and Harry J. Powers, the resident managers, and by A. L. Erlanger, Samuel F. Nixon, J. Fred Zimmerman and Marc Klaw. The splendid playhouse was one of the strongholds of the theatrical Syndicate in Chicago.

The theatre was opened with Klaw and Erlanger's spectacular extravaganza "Mr. Bluebeard," seen here at the Knickerbocker Theatre the season before, and this was the bill on that fatal Wednesday afternoon five weeks later when happened a calamity without parallel in the history of this country. It was Christmas week and there was a special Wednesday matinee at reduced prices. The great theatre was packed from parterre to roof, the spectators being mostly women and children. All went well until the

second act when the lights of the auditorium are extinguished to render more effective the Moonlight Scene. The members of the double octette were singing "In the Pale Moonlight" when suddenly a bright flame shot out near the top of the proscenium arch. It was noticed by the audience who began to move uneasily in their seats and a few started to grope their way through the darkened aisles. On the stage the frightened chorus girls were ordered to keep on singing—though it was seen many were trembling—and the orchestra leader made his musicians play louder. Smoke now issued from the wings and sparks commenced to fall. Eddie Foy, in his make-up as the comic Sister Anne, came forward and urged the audience to be calm, insisting there was no danger. As the comedian spoke a great flame lit up the whole stage and a shower of sparks fell about him. Then some one in the balcony shouted, "Fire!" That was enough. In an instant the audience was on its feet and the death rush had begun. Frantic efforts were now being made on the stage to lower the so-called "asbestos" curtain which, if successful, would have shut the stage off from the auditorium and so localized the fire. But to add to the horror of the situation the "asbestos" curtain stuck fast when three-quarters way down thus instantly creating a fierce draught which drew the flames from the stage—now a raging furnace—into the auditorium, where its long fiery tongues scorched and singed the doomed spectators as they fled in despair through the darkness seeking exits they could not find.

Most of those in the orchestra stalls succeeded in making their escape, but in the two galleries flight was impossible and the harvest of death was complete. The ushers had long since deserted their posts, the few exits available were either concealed behind heavy plush curtains or closed with "new fangled levers" no one knew how to open, and when, finally, some of these exits were forced open those in the van, pushed on by those behind, were pitched headlong over the slender rail to find death or injury in the alley below. Other unfortunates, meantime, had fled to the stairs but, as is usually the experience in stampedes, the leaders tripped and the others fell on top of them until the pile was ten feet high. And so this fighting, screaming and squirming mass

It is the usual experience that disasters of this kind are followed by great public excitement, the newspapers angrily demand reform, the theatres suffer from lack of patronage, the authorities display great activity, and the managers show themselves eager to remedy defects. But this show of zeal never lasts. The disaster is forgotten in a week, the theatres do as little as they can, gradually neglecting the most ordinary precautions, the public does not give the matter a thought, and everything goes on as merrily as

For obvious reasons dangerous theatres can not be mentioned by name in a magazine. The city authorities know which they are as well as we do. For the same reason we can not give a list of the theatres which are absolutely safe, for it would be very apparent that the houses not included in the list were the fire traps in

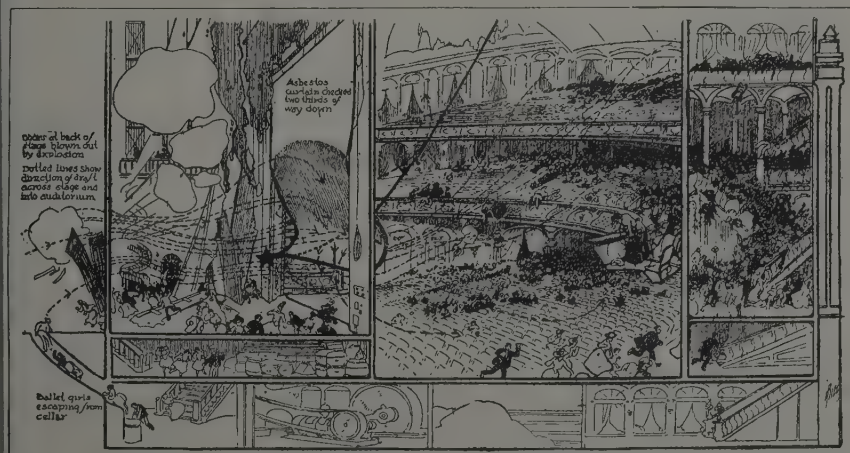


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE COURSE TAKEN BY THE FLAMES

question. It was comical the day after the Chicago fire to see some of the daily papers wasting their space interviewing the theatre managers here as to whether they thought their respective theatres safe. As if any manager were going to admit his house was dangerous. Each, on the contrary, was very positive that such a calamity could not possibly happen in *his* house. And yet among the managers interviewed were those of the very theatres that are dangerous. Why are these dangerous theatres allowed to remain open? If the Mayor of Chicago has the power to close ALL those houses that have not complied strictly with the LETTER of the law—a sweeping measure fully justified—why should not the Mayor of New York close certain houses which every intelligent person can see for himself are dangerous? The law regarding the construction of theatres dates only from 1885 and is not retroactive so that theatres built previous to that time escape being subjected to regulations new theatres have to comply with, but law or no law the mayor has the power to act if a building is notoriously unsafe and known to be imperilling nightly hundreds of citizens. The lessons taught by the Chicago fire are these:

First.—EVERY THEATRE SHOULD BE COMPELLED TO HAVE AN ASBESTOS, OR PREFERABLY, A STEEL CURTAIN, completely isolating the stage from the auditorium and to be lowered after each act.

Second.—EXITS SHOULD BE NUMEROUS AND ALL IN WORKING ORDER. They should be fastened on the inside only with a wooden bar easily removed and they should all be opened at the close of the performance so the audience may

become familiar with different modes of egress. Preferably, certain sections of the house should be encouraged to make exits at their respective exits so as to avoid the jam at the main door which is a familiar scene at the close of every performance. In addition to these precautions, the police department should be asked to furnish each theatre with five men for every evening and afternoon performance. There should be one policeman in front of the house to keep the main entrance free and



MISS VIOLET DALE
Now appearing in "A Chinese Honeymoon"



Byron

LEW DOCKSTADER IN HIS FLYING MACHINE

This popular minstrel was seen recently at the Victoria in his new show, which is an elaborate affair with funny dialogue and gorgeous scenic effects. Sitting in his airship "Pickle" he sails through the sky surveying the countries of the earth in rapid succession.

open, and one policeman on each floor up stairs. A policeman is trained to act in emergencies and would not be likely to lose his head like a boy usher. The fire department which now sends a detail of two men should be asked to increase this number to at least six, two men on the stage and the other men distributed about the auditorium, near the fire escapes, etc. The firemen on the stage should have charge of the apparatus for lowering the asbestos curtain, instead of intrusting this important duty to a stage hand who would probably run on the first alarm of fire. At the Paris Opera House there are no fewer than fifty firemen distributed about the house and protecting the audience.

Third.—AN INDEPENDENT LIGHTING SYSTEM FOR STAIRWAYS AND EXITS. Candles, or lamps burning vegetable oil. Gas and electricity usually fail in emergency.

Fourth.—SCENERY, WOODWORK AND ALL THE PARAPHERNALIA OF THE STAGE MADE INCOMBUSTIBLE by chemical treatment.

Fifth.—ABOLISH "BOXED-IN" MAIN ENTRANCES AND "BOXED-IN" PARTERRES. Intended to keep out draughts these wooden partitions, sometimes fitted with glass, would prove deadly barriers in case of panic.

Let Mayor McClellan insist on these measures of precaution. Do not let us wait until a calamity here forces us to act. Let us remove the suspicion that the only reason such measures have not been insisted upon before is "graft."

William Paul Gerhard, C. E., in his excellent little book "Theatre Fires and Panics," a copy of which should be in the hands of every manager, says:

"The public generally is not able to and does not discriminate between safe and dangerous theatres. If the older theatres can not be made safe, particularly as regards the exits, they should be closed up by the authorities. All theatre regulations should be compulsory and the building, fire and police departments should have power to stringently enforce them. The law should clearly define the responsibility of architects and builders and of the theatre managers in the matter of theatre safety. In the case of new theatre buildings it does not suffice to have them well planned and well constructed. There should be,

after the opening, regular inspections to make sure that the laws are not violated after the new building has passed the final examination of the authorities. The theatre license should be subject to revocation at any time for violation of the law. Such inspections should be made much oftener than once a year. In Vienna they occur four times a year, in Paris inspections are made every month by a committee of safety consisting of a police commissioner, an official from the city fire department, and an architect. In London monthly inspections are required. These inspections should be made not only in day time but likewise in the evenings during a performance. It is best to make inspections without any previous announcement and the results should be published without fear or favor in the daily newspapers.

"For the safety of theatres it is essential that they be continuously watched. In the words of M. Garnier, the architect of the Paris Opera House, 'the strict, minute, and incessant watch and inspection of all parts of a theatre constitute the chief defence of theatres against fires.'

"A century ago it was decided in France that firemen were the proper persons to do this. At first they were present on the stage merely during the performances; subsequently it was decreed that firemen should be on watch in the theatre during the day and the night. If the employment of fire-watches is left to the discretion of theatre managers, persons are sometimes engaged for this duty who are incompetent, or, if competent, they are required to perform other duties besides, and being thus overworked, fail to efficiently accomplish the object sought for. Fire-watchmen should be well acquainted with the building, the whole theatre staff should be under their control, and they should be vested with authority to interfere in case of violation of the theatre regulations.

"In the large Paris Opera-House there are always twenty-five firemen on duty, and during performances their number is doubled. In the Vienna Opera-House there are ten men on duty. In the Berlin theatres strong fire-watches, composed of the most experienced men of the fire-brigade, are stationed in the building during performances, and a special

police patrol is stationed in front of the house to keep the crowd in order, and to see that the exits are kept open and unobstructed. During all performances a detachment of firemen should be stationed on the stage and should watch not only the lighting arrangements, the fire-works, the firing of fire-arms, but also have charge of the fire-extinguishing and life-saving appliances, and see that they are kept in order and ready for use. At the close of each performance an inspection of the whole theatre should be made by the fire-watch, attention being paid in particular to the heating and lighting apparatus, to the decorations and scenery, and to the dressing-rooms.

"All these precautions have a tendency to awaken public confidence, and in case of a fire a panic is not so apt to occur. Indeed, there are several instances of well-built and well-managed theatres on record where, during a performance, fire broke out which ultimately destroyed the building, but where the whole audience left the theatre quietly and in good order, and where no accident of any kind occurred."

The Chicago disaster quickly stirred the authorities here to action. Mayor McClellan, with commendable energy, called a special meeting of the New York theatre managers at City Hall and received from each a guarantee that such changes in the construction of their respective houses as were

suggested by the Building and Fire departments would be faithfully carried out. All the local theatres have been required to fireproof their scenery and to see that their exits are in good working order and easily opened. Certain houses have been blacklisted and at least one well-known theatre has been condemned. This is as it should be. But it must not be a temporary show of zeal. It is the duty of the city fathers to safeguard our large theatre-going public.

A. H.



MISS ISABELLE EVESON
Now playing the leading role in "In
Palace of the King"



THE POET
(Arnold Daly)

THE FATHER-IN-LAW
(Herbert Standing)

THE TYPEWRITER
(Louise Closser)

SCENE IN BERNARD SHAW'S SATIRICAL COMEDY "CANDIDA," RECENTLY PRESENTED IN NEW YORK



NAT C. GOODWIN

Nathaniel C. Goodwin—An Interview

Chats with Players No. 24

"I DON'T like it. I never did. If I can't make enough to retire in ten years I'll jump into the river." Nathaniel C. Goodwin, — America's leading comedian insists on being called Nathaniel now he is 45,—sat at the rear of the stage and looked gloomily at the tall, thin figure of his new leading woman. By some unfortunate fate most of this actor's leading women have been tall and thin.

He is short himself and if he were not entitled to respect as one of our foremost players, one might be frank, and describe him at once as "roly-poly." It is difficult and unconvincing to make love to a woman taller than yourself. Mr. Goodwin shrank farther into the depths of his fashionable overcoat, and away from a world he didn't half like this morning. His mildly florid face reflected alternately protest and resignation. His reddish hair, honey-colored a woman admirer once called it, the shade of hair that has been ascribed to genius, showed slightly thin at the top. He passed his hand restlessly over it once or twice as he talked.

Apparently Mr. Goodwin was not "fit" this morning. He had been one of the guests at an after theatre supper given by his wife, Maxine Elliott, the night before, at Sherry's and rehearsal had been called for ten at the Victoria Theatre.

"I don't like the environment" he said, when asked why he didn't like the stage. "I'm forty-five years old. If I can't leave the stage when I'm fifty-five, it will be strange. Then I will enjoy myself, get up when I like, go to bed when I like, and have all the out-door sports I want. I'll go to the theatres, of course. I couldn't stay away from the theatre, but I'll go to watch the other fellows."

The comedian grew thoughtful. His features relaxed. His curious down-drawn mouth opened slightly. Fine wrinkles formed about his eyes and the gray eyes themselves brightened. That was the simple mechanism of the Goodwin smile, warranted to put the dullest audience in good humor at sight.

"And then" he said, with boyish enthusiasm, "I may rewrite my book. You know I wrote one once. I called it 'Short Talks with Goodwin' and I gave my views—Oh, I gave them!—about people I had met and plays I had seen, and what I thought about things in general. A publisher offered me \$15,000 for it, and yet they say publishers are not generous! I worked a long time on that book but when it was finished and I read it the last time, I decided that I had

been too personal and I tore it up. A man who is before the public cannot afford to have too many enemies. When he has earned the right to be a mere private citizen, it doesn't matter so much. So I may rewrite the book after I am fifty-five."

But long before Mr. Goodwin leaves the stage, he will build a theatre and it will have the name of its owner spelled out in as brilliant electric letters above the entrance as Sarah Bernhardt has over her playhouse in Paris.

"I will build it in New York, of course," he said. "I will give the public what it wants, at least what it wants from me. It is plain that what it expects and demands from me is comedy with a touch of the serious here and there and it shall have it."

There was, as he spoke, no suggestion of the resistless Goodwin smile. The drooping mouth, that never takes an upward curve even when he laughs, was firmly set. Then a shade of protest passed over the whimsical features.

"I would play Shakespeare once a season, for a few weeks at least, as a mental dissipation." The down-drawn lips could be stubborn when they chose.

"I don't believe that the public is tired of Shakespeare. As well say it is tired of music or love or life itself, for Shakespeare is all of these. It sums up life. True, the taste for Shakespeare must be cultivated, but what way of cultivating it is better than to see it properly presented? Properly, I say, with the idea of interpretation first, and the setting subordinate, very subordinate, in fact."

"The public taste" he continued, "is veering away from magnificent spectacles. The high water mark of theatrical extravagance has been reached. The tide is receding. The future of the drama is plain. It will grow better all the time. The plays will be better. The acting will be better. There



MR. GOODWIN AS NATHAN HALE



Photo Byron, N. Y.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN IN "SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS"

will be less of dazzle and more of merit. More attention will be paid to reading and less to 'sets.' The day of gorgeous stage pictures is passing."

"Excuse me one moment." Mr. Goodwin rose and joined the leading woman and her mother. He placed the hand of a comrade upon the arm of each and said:

"Play Romeo and Juliet when you are with your company and your friends, but when you are alone play Lady Macbeth." Then he came back to the bench at the rear of the stage.

"Did you hear my advice to her?" he said. "I was serious. I must always explain when I am serious. People are always looking for a covert joke when I come around. It's sad to be known as a joker. I told her to play Juliet in public, and Lady Macbeth when alone. That is the way to study and to grow in your art."

Someone had dared to say that Nat Goodwin is not a student, that he is a superb actor because he can't help it, that he is "an artist by the grace of God."

"Not study?" he said. "I studied the rôle of Bottom as hard as a sophomore studies his Greek. This part in 'My Wife's Husbands' I have studied for three weeks, working like a galley slave. But I'm glad that the machinery of my acting doesn't creak. Then in a single volley, he fired at us these theatrical epigrams: The highest art is to conceal art. Subtlety is the key-note of the best acting. The funniest people are the most serious. Acting is sending a message across the foot-lights and getting one back."

"You know when you receive the return message" he explained, "but you can't tell any other human being how you know it. The difference between the good actor and the bad is a matter of these messages. The bad one never gets the return message or if he does, doesn't know it."

Edward Milton Royle, author of the play in rehearsal, now looked expectantly at Mr. Goodwin, and the star threw off his overcoat and walked to the front of the stage. Mr. Royle, who until now had been energetically and somewhat critically conducting the rehearsal, now took a seat in the front row of the orchestra. It was the orchestra leader laying down his baton while the great tenor sang his solo unguided by flourish and unchecked by softening hand.

Was he really acting? Was not the real Nat Goodwin fuming, chafing and mentally wriggling under the scolding of a real, marplot sister? He shifted and fidgeted and frowned. He was painfully embarrassed, dreadfully nagged. Could it be merely acting? It was the sister who proved that it was. Although she had been carolling gaily in the wings, she seemed now a woman frozen. "Stage fright?" whispered someone. "No, Goodwin fright" answered someone else.

The "sister" yielded her place and the leading woman



Photo Rousch

MISS LEILA BENTON

Now appearing in "The Medal and the Maid"

entered. Mr. Goodwin makes love to her deliciously, but she, too, seems stricken. When the scene is over she is overheard saying to Mr. Goodwin.

"Your acting drives me to desperation. You seem to make no effort at all but you bring out every point, and I work so hard and don't do anything!"

"Tut! Tut! You're doing well. Why I'm old enough to be your father. Thirty years on the stage, you know."

He came to the rear of the stage again and resumed the interview. He made no comment upon the awe with which his acting had inspired the actress. It was one of the commonplaces of daily rehearsals to him. Women who are pert to the stage manager and the author freeze into instant submission before the art of this player.

Personally there isn't a more approachable, ultra-democratic man than he whom the London critics proclaimed: "The American of Americans and the comedian of comedians."

Mention of his London success brought the sudden, quizzical, always welcome Goodwin smile. "I had to go to London to find out I was an actor. They are not personal over there." His mouth set again in a serious line. "They don't make a living joke of a man and refuse to let him be anything else."

He denied that he made a hit as a heifer's left hind leg in "Adonis." He denies, in fact, that he was ever identified with any part of the anatomy of that bovine.



MISS TERESA MAXWELL

As Francesca da Rimini (Ward and James Co.)

"They have confused me with Golden and Dixey" he said, "They were the haunches and shoulders, not I. I played Captain Dietrich."

The true story of the beginning of his career Mr. Goodwin told briefly: "I was born in Boston. I studied for the stage for two years before I went on. I began when I was thirteen. I was utility man at the Boston Museum. Then I gave readings, serious ones, Shakespeare. It was then that I learned to like Shakespeare. I played at Niblo's Gardens, when I was about eighteen. It was there that I hit upon this comedy encased in seriousness that the public has kept me at ever since."

A man's likes, it has been said, are the key-note to his character. Nat Goodwin likes automobiling and all outdoor sports. He likes, too, such indoor sports as are offered by the Lambs of whom he has been Shepherd. He likes country life and so owns "Jackwood," one of the most charming country estates in England. He admires beauti-

ful women, so has married one of the most beautiful. He is fond of his friends, and he has many of them, of whom, probably, Joseph Jefferson is foremost. He likes the classic drama. Witness his fondness for Shakespeare that harsh critics have declared fatuous.

It is a pity that this master of comedy is childless. And behind that fact lies the pathos which he himself declares crowds upon the comedy of life. He had a son who died while still an infant, and the actor touches his auditors to tears at those rare times when he talks of the boy who died and the hopes and ambitions that went out as a candle flame in the wind.

"All ready for the second act!" Mr. Goodwin stands listening and waiting for his cue. His features are stern. He is anxious about the future and for the fortunes of this farce comedy with which he intends to finish a broken season. He exemplifies his own paradox "The funniest men are the most serious."

ADA PATTERSON.

TRAGEDY

THEY think of me as born of love alone,
Such as Paolo for Francesca, or
The love of Juliet for her Romeo;
They think of me as by the side of one
Whose life is hate—who knows not aught of love—
And seek for me in sable cloth and tears,
Brooding beside the awfulness of Death.
But when I don the robe of Comedy,
They laugh and think of me no more—
Nay, this is only half my life's disguise—
A hidden tear behind the smile; the song

Above the aching heart—the stifled sob;
A red rose where the white rose chills the soul;
And when throughout the night and day I rove,
Now as a dancer with such weary feet,
Dancing as tho' the hours were fraught with joy;
Now as a singer with such burning grief,
Singing as tho' the world were harmony—
They laugh to see me laughing,—and perchance
The sudden tear should well beneath the smile,
They laugh, unthinking, when they see me weep.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.



Figaro, O. L. Mills '05 Bartholo, J. V. Blanchet '05 F. H. Warren La Jeunesse, N. Wertheim '06 C. H. L. N. Bernard H. J. Cobb '04 R. M. De Acosta '04 Un notaire, A. F. Hurlburt '07
Rosina, J. E. Henderson '05 Don Basile, K. H. Gibson '04 L'Eveille, G. E. Eversole '07 Almaviva, W. M. Shohl '06 Un alcade, L. B. Robinson '07

The dramatic performances of the "Cercle Francais" at Harvard take the lead in University theatricals. The society was established some years ago by James H. Hyde, its object being to propagate the love of French in Harvard University, and the annual play is only one of the means taken to effect this purpose. There are also lectures, studies, etc., throughout the entire college term, but the play is the one time in which the students air their French before the public, and the performance is always a great Society event. The play is presented in Boston, Cambridge and New York.

HARVARD STUDENTS IN BEAUMARCHAIS' COMEDY "LE BARBIER DE SEVILLE"

The Pioneer Uncle Tomers

BY ONE OF THEM

UNDOUBTEDLY the most successful and popular American play which has yet been written is "Uncle Tom's Cabin", the dramatization of Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous story. It has been played uninterruptedly ever since it was first produced, fifty years ago. There are actors to-day who, for the last twenty-five or more years, have played nothing else. Acting in this play has with many actors become an industry and quite ceased to be an art. In the single summer of 1902, there were sixteen companies in this country playing the piece under canvas. I was asked a short time ago how much longer the play would be popular. I answered that it would continue to be popular long after the death of the last man who ever saw a slave.

The original cast was as follows:

Uncle Tom, G. C. Germon; St. Claire, G. C. Howard; Gumption Cute, C. K. Fox; Eva, Little Cordelia Howard; Topsy, Mrs. G. C. Howard; Fletcher, G. W. L. Fox; Harris, Mr. Siple; Legree, N. B. Clarke; Eliza, Mrs. W. G. Jones; Cassy, Mrs. Bannister; Ophelia, Mrs. E. Fox; Emmeline, Miss Barber; Marie, Miss Landers; Wilson, Mr. Toulmin; Perry, W. J. Lemoyne.

The early performers in the play were not called Uncle

Tomers as they are to-day. That name was given to them in later years when the country became flood-

ed with companies playing this piece, and advertisements in the dramatic papers read "Uncle Tomers Wanted."

An advertisement in the *New York Herald* in 1853 announced:

NATIONAL THEATRE—TO COLORED PEOPLE:
NOTICE—On and after Monday, August 15, a neat and comfortable parquette will be prepared in the lower part of the theatre for the accommodation of

RESPECTABLE COLORED PERSONS

desirous of witnessing the great drama of

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

the front seats of which will be reserved for females accompanied by males, and no female admitted unless with company.

The Howard family were the first actors to play "Uncle Tom's Cabin." They staged the adaptation which had been made from Mrs. Stowe's book by George L. Aiken. They opened with it in Troy, New York, where it had a run of over three months. From there they took it to the National Theatre in New York, where they gave their first performance on July 18, 1853. After the New York run, they took the play on tour. I joined the company as advance

agent in 1855, replacing Hank Parmelee—the first agent that went out with an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company—who was on the sick list.

George C. Howard acted St. Clair and he made an ideal Southern planter. On and off the stage he invariably wore a black broadcloth frock coat with brass buttons, and he always had on lavender trousers. So, when he was around the hotels and on the streets of the towns where we were playing, people who had seen him at the theatre would recognize him at once and would say, "There goes Eva's father." Mrs. Howard was Topsy, and there has never been any one yet to equal her in the character. Little Cordelia, her daughter, was a born actress. I have never seen anything more natural and beautiful than the way in which she played Little Eva. She required no training for it; it came natural to her. Many a time I have seen a big crowd following her when she was out on the streets or at the stores shopping with her mother. They wanted to get a peep at Little Eva with her long golden hair.

The rest of the cast had in it Greene C. Germon, who acted Uncle Tom; George L. Fox, who afterwards became the famous pantomimist Humpty Dumpty, played Phineas Fletcher; his brother, Charles K. Fox, took the part of that droll individual, Gumption Cute. George Harris was played by Samuel M. Siple, and Eliza by Mrs. W. G. Jones. N. B. Clark was Simon Legree. W. J. Le Moyne, who was with the Howard family when they first produced the play

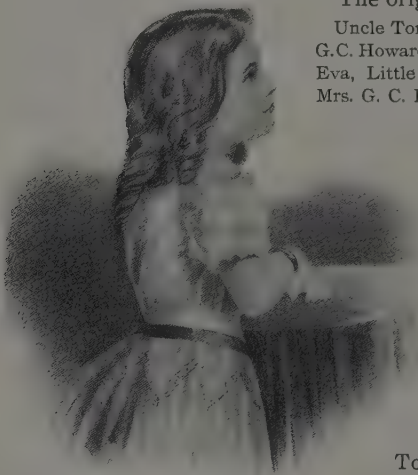
at Troy, created and acted the part of Deacon Perry. When I was with the Howards, George L. Fox doubled and took this part and also the part of Phineas Fletcher. Sometimes when George L. Aiken, the author of the version, was with the company he would play either George Harris or George Shelby.

Some of those old time players are still living. Cordelia Howard is now residing in Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. Howard, her mother, is still alive and a hearty old lady. Mrs. W. G. Jones, though upwards of eighty years old, is still on the boards to-day, and playing with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre Company. W. J. Lemoyne is still acting. All the other members of the old company are dead, but Hank Parmelee is still living.

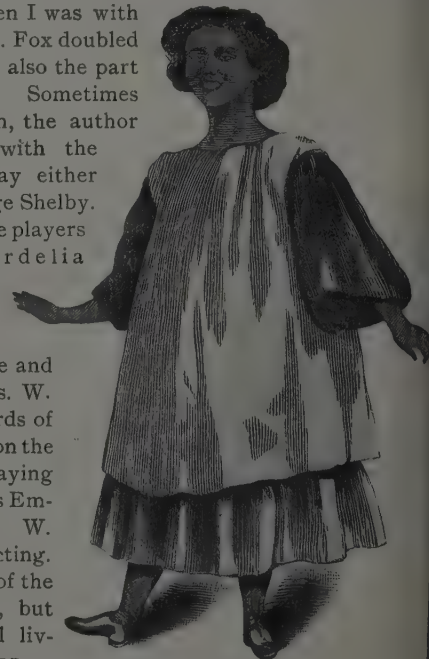
DR. JUDD.



GEORGE C. HOWARD



CORDELIA HOWARD
The first "Little Eva"



MRS. G. C. HOWARD AS TOPSY

Scenes in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" at the Belasco Theatre



Photos Byron, N. Y.

MISS CROSMAN

KATHERINE FLORENCE (Lady Julia)

Act I. Mistress Kitty with her Irish brogue and Irish wit plays havoc with the hearts of the officers and gallants at Georgian, England's fashionable watering place.



EDWIN STEVENS

JOHN KELLERD
(Julia's husband)

CHARLES HAMMOND
(Lord Verney)

Act II. Kitty and the imprudent Lady Julia are surprised in Lord Verney's room but take refuge inside the curtained bedstead and finally escape, thanks to a clever stratagem.



Act III. Kitty in the ballroom triumphs over the ladies of quality who had plotted to snub her.

Dramatic Incidents in the Lives of Eighteenth Century Players

NO. III. "PERDITA"

"**L**A!" said Lady Halliday, at the Oratorio, to her friend, Miss Vizard. "Can it be that his Royal Highness is ill?"

"'Tis the megrim," Lady Orford whispered to her escort.

All eyes were fixed upon the royal loge where stood George, Prince of Wales, behaving most singularly. After holding his playbill before his face, he drew his hand languidly across his forehead, and moved his fingers over the edge of the box, as though writing.

Not a dozen paces away sat Mary Robinson, of Drury Lane Theatre, to whom the Prince was signaling, in a pre-arranged code, that the letter received by the actress two days before, and signed "Florizel," had truly emanated from him. By George's side stood my Lord Malden, Cupid's messenger since the beginning of the royal infatuation, dating from Mrs. Robinson's appearance as Perdita.

Despite this proof of the sincerity of the prince, she declined to arrange a meeting. Beautiful and childish, admirers by the score had flocked about her and she had given them no heed, as much from disinclination as from delicacy. She tells us, in her memoirs, with an artlessness that savors of artfulness, of her two children, of husband's neglect and the continuous importunities, towards her, of the rogues whom Mr. Robinson deemed his friends. With conscious virtue, she narrates her rejection of a Lord Lyttelton, but it appears that none of her piratical suitors, except his Royal Highness, attracted her. At best, hers had been a negative, lackadaisical fidelity. Undiscouraged by rebuff, George continued to urge his suit and finally sent, by Lord Malden, a miniature of himself. On one side of the case was the inscription:

"Je ne change qu'en mourant."

On the other—

"Unalterable to my Perdita through life."

This persistent attention made her husband's neglect appear all the more glaring. From the ashes of her hearth she reared a Castle in Spain. The more she moped, the more she thought of the prince, and, from thinking of him, she grew to love him—rather, to love her idealization of him.

A meeting was arranged. She and Lord Malden were to dine at an inn on an island between Brentford and Kew, from which they were to cross to Kew palace, at dusk, when a handkerchief was waved.

The night was idyllic, the dinner superb, and Malden as obsequious as though she were a princess royal. "The First Gentleman of Europe" was the most accomplished wooer of all time, and so won Mrs. Robinson's heart that, thereafter, she considered him as more of a god than a prince. From that evening she was a different woman. She seems to have gloried in her association with her royal admirer; no thought of shame appears in her memoirs. She separated from her husband, surrendered her children, retired from the stage, without a sigh. The relation became so notorious that the newspapers printed scathing comments, crowds so blocked shop doors, when she was within, as to imprison her for hours. At Ranelagh the press of people became so great that she was forced to leave. Yet no girl was ever so thoughtlessly happy, no queen was ever half so imperious.

Mr. Smith tells us that—

"The colour of her carriage was a light blue, and upon the centre of each panel a basket of flowers was so artfully painted that, as she drove along, it was mistaken for a coronet."

Seemingly, her tide was never to ebb. At a birthnight ball the prince sent two roses, which he had received from the hands of a peeress, to Perdita, who sat in the Chamberlain's box. Soon His Highness was to come into his establishment when Perdita was to be nobly cared for; meanwhile, she was given a bond for twenty thousand pounds.

But, when she least expected it, the tide ebbed and flowed.

"We must meet no more," wrote George, from Windsor Castle. Distracted, she set out for Windsor in a pony phaeton, with a child of nine years as postillion.

"For God's sake, ma'am, bide with me," said the innkeeper at Hounslow. "Every coach that has passed the Heath these last ten nights has been attacked."

It was then nearly dark.



From an engraving

MRS. ROBINSON

Scenes in Augustus Thomas' Comedy "The Other Girl"



Hall
ELSIE DE WOLFE FRANK WORTHING LIONEL BARRYMORE
Act I. Dr. Bradford refuses to allow Kid Garvie to burn money



Act III. Dr. Bradford and the Kid meet the morning after



FRANK BURBECK SELINA FETTER DRINA DE WOLFE JOSEPH WHEELLOCK, JR. RALPH DELMORE JOSEPH WHITING
Act III. The explanations at the breakfast table

"Death by my hand or another's," said Perdita. They drove on and the little postillion, by spurring the horse, managed to make the footpad miss the bridle rein. Then began a race—the highwayman for the coach and the coach for the Magpie Tavern, which was reached in safety.

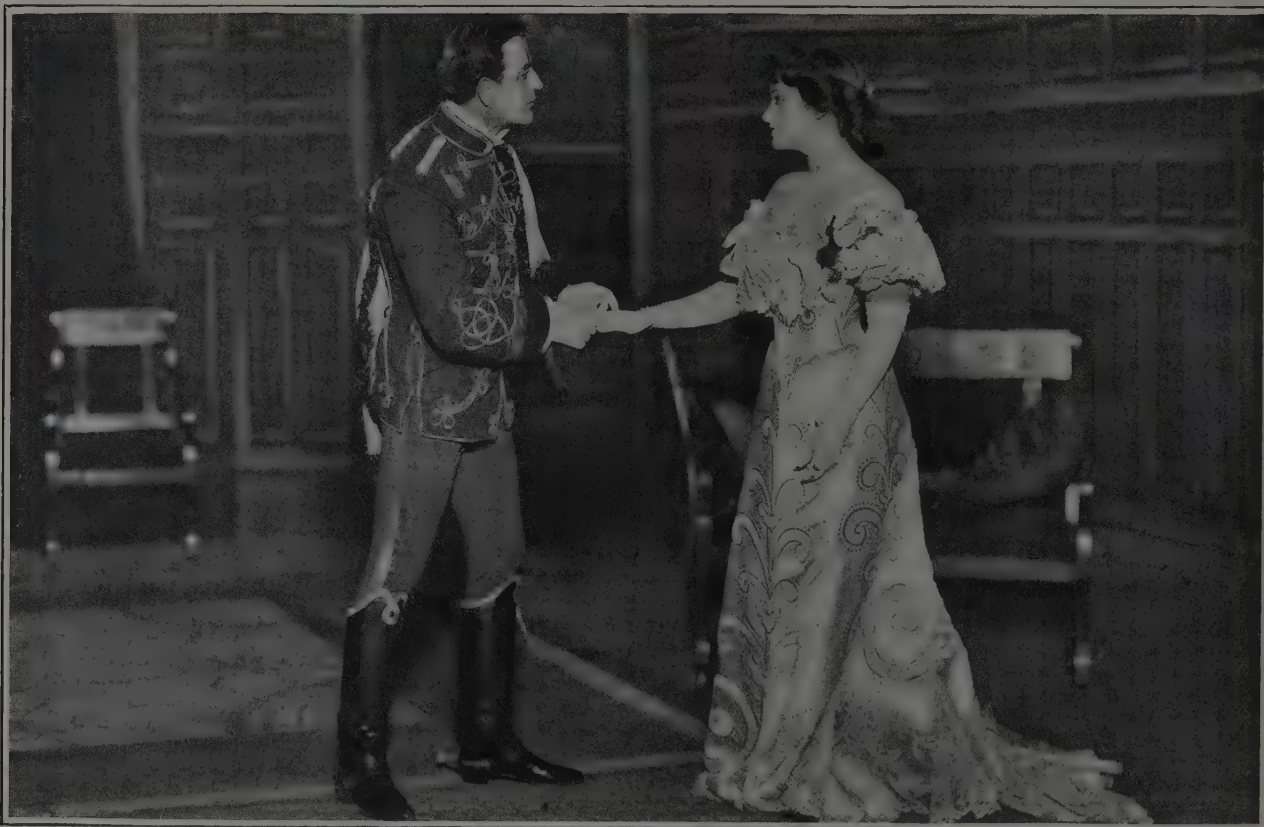
But who can resuscitate a dead love? George protested fidelity, but Perdita wrote, for future generations: "The prince persists in withdrawing himself from my society."

Mr. Robinson, as weak as his wife, wished her to return

to him; she wished to return to the stage, but the stage would not have her. The mistress of royalty is famous; the cast-off mistress, infamous.

Heartbroken, failing physically and seven thousand pounds in debt, hers was a pitiable plight. For the surrender of the royal bond, she was allowed an annuity of five hundred pounds. Shortly thereafter she lost the use of her limbs and, shattered in mind and body, passed the time away by writing meretricious verses.

AUBREY LANSTON.



Byron, N. Y.

JAMES K. HACKETT AND CHARLOTTE WALKER IN "THE CROWN PRINCE"

Letters to Actors I Have Never Seen

My Dear Mr. Charles Richman:

Never having seen you, it may seem odd that I should write to you, for I am a Matinee Girl in name only, as here at boarding school we are not allowed to attend the theatre and only on rare occasions am I able to enjoy the drama which I adore. Even on those occasions my aunts choose plays like "Ben Hur" or "Magdala" and it is quite as bad as Sunday school.

But I have several of your photographs. Indeed I have a collection of my favorite actors' pictures and I like to study the different faces.

Sometimes I wonder if they would still be my favorites if I should ever see them act or if, maybe, I might then prefer the ugly ones? I should judge that you like dignified parts best. I can't fancy you as Romeo climbing down the balcony or over the wall for to do those things one must be

quite airy—and you do not look airy to me. You should see some of our big girls getting over the high jumps in the gymnasiums. They are lovely girls, but they can't jump well. Still, jumping isn't necessary for a womanly girl to know, do you think?

And Claude Melnotte, Romeo and others of those dressy characters in plays seem rather silly when you come to think of it and I really admire you more—because I imagine you would not choose such parts. I have never been in love but once and then it was the captain of a football team. I never met him either!

I have read in the THEATRE MAGAZINE (such a lovely magazine! all the girls take it) that you are appearing in a play in which you take two parts, one of which is a Revolutionary hero.

I feel sorry for you for I do not like



Miss Millicent Moone



Charles Richman

the uniforms the soldiers wore—nor do I like the dress of the Pilgrim fathers. The men of the Revolution always look so short waisted and a short waisted hero seems quite impossible. Still there was Napoleon, who had no waist at all!



JAMES NEILL

Popular actor on the Pacific coast who has recently been playing in Honolulu

I admire clothes that fit like those in the magazine advertisements—in fact I like the men in the advertisements, they seem so much more sensible than if they wore frills and feathers. I should think you would like to play dignified parts in which you could forgive erring ones—a minister or even a judge—not a relentless one; but one who would let people go and give them good advice. I do not fancy that you are very conceited for you have width across the eyes and that signifies brains and you have a chin which indicates domestic-

ticity; but I do not suppose a successful actor could be domestic as they have so many divorces. A divorce decree is to an actor what a college degree is to a man! That is rather good, isn't it? I often think of things like that when I am writing letters and sometimes say them in ordinary conversation. The girls here say I could write plays.

I hope you will never try to do Hamlet, but of course my hoping so will not stop you if you have once been seized with the Shakespearean microbe. But Hamlet was such a

bore! I can't imagine why great actors like Mr. Nat Goodwin and Mr. Edmund Russell choose the part. I hope you do not have to make frilly sentimental speeches in your plays. Such things are so silly! Some of the girls here like the silliest poems and recite them too at the teas in their rooms which is worse. Because one can't make fun of them when they are giving the teas. They have no real love for the Drama nor for Art!

I should like to study for the stage if I were allowed, but I should have to take another name. My aunts would be furious if they knew that I were writing you this letter. I am not allowed to write to boys so am sending this enclosed in another letter to a girl I know in New York who has a room filled with posters—in which she smokes cigarettes. She is a Bohemian and she is awfully pretty—but she has a good heart and that is why I am sending this letter in her care knowing that it will reach you. Other girls that I know, uglier and more particular, would never send it. I hope that I shall see you act some day on the stage. If I ever do I shall sit in the first row and will wear violets pinned on my muff.

MISS EDYTHE CHAPMAN
(Mrs. James Neill)

Good-bye from your unknown friend,
—Seminary for Young Ladies, MILLICENT MOONE.
—on the Hudson.



Byron, N. Y.

Scene in Mildred Holland's new production "The Triumph of an Empress" in which she appears as Catherine the Great of Russia. The play will be seen shortly in New York.



Byron, N. Y.

The Handkerchief scene in "Othello." Iago (Winifred Goff) takes the handkerchief from Emelia (Rita Newman)



Joseph Sheehan as the Moor and Gertrude Rennyson as Desdemona in Act IV of "Othello"



Desdemona pleading with Othello

Grand Opera in English

IT is now a matter of ten years since Henry W. Savage, a real estate dealer of Boston, found himself the owner of a theatre in that city, the Castle Square. That was the immediate cause of one of the most interesting developments in our theatrical history. Mr. Savage, although ignorant of the business—and possibly because he was ignorant—organized a stock operetta company. He applied ordinary, good business sense and methods to his venture, and, being fortunate in that rare instinct which enables an *entrepreneur* to divine the wishes of a public before the public itself is quite sure of them, found a success at the very beginning which has never since failed him. This little operetta company of ten years ago which in time came to be known from one end of the country to the other as the Castle Square English Opera Company has now disappeared; not, however, before it had done admirable work in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis, in each of which cities by a stay of a year or more it came to be regarded as a local institution. But its direct descendants are very much in existence, performing functions profitable alike to the public and to their proprietor.

As years went on, Mr. Savage, in obedience to the changing taste of his public, gradually increased the scope of his company's work.

To the operettas of Audran, Von Suppé, Sullivan and the like, he added operas of greater substance: "The Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," "Martha," and then

such as "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet" (all in English) and "Der Freischütz," until he broke through the magic ring which surrounds the Wagnerian music-drama and gave performances in English of "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," and "Die Meistersinger." By this gradual process he constantly improved his company, chorus, orchestra and soloists, and simultaneously educated his public up to a better appreciation of the higher class of opera. In time, it came that the

Castle Square Company had two organizations, one for operetta and one for grand opera. Then came the creditably courageous season of grand opera in English at the Metropolitan Opera House, speedily followed by the disintegration of the Castle Square Company, on the one hand into numerous organizations for the performance of modern comic opera and musical comedy; on the other, into the Savage English Grand Opera Company which has made for itself a most important place in the musical economy of this country.

It is much the fashion among those whose mental and musical horizon is limited to the yellow brick walls of the Metropolitan Opera House to dismiss the work of the Savage English Grand Opera Company with a sneer. No more fatuous mistake was ever made.

To be sure, Mr. Savage can not furnish at a maximum admission of one dollar such singers as Mr. Grau did

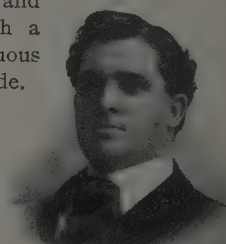
and Mr. Conried does at five, to say nothing of an influential subsidy from the stockholders. Necessarily



MISS GERTRUDE RENNYSON
As Elsa in "Lohengrin"



WINIFRED GOFF (Baritone)



JOSEPH SHEEHAN (Tenor)



FRANCIS J. BOYLE
As Mephistopheles in "Faust"

the work of this traveling company must not be judged by Metropolitan standards. But a company which gives pleasure to a public ten, perhaps twenty times as large as that which patronizes Mr. Conried's enterprise and accomplishes this end, not only by good, honest and adequate performances of the classics of the operatic stage but by the presentation of interesting novelties, is not to be dismissed in a word. Moreover, when such

unmixed with mistakes, to accomplish this, but it may fairly be said that he has done it. He has always had a good, vigorous, fresh-voiced chorus. He has at length succeeded in getting an adequate orchestra with two capable conductors, Messrs. Emmanuel and Schenck, to direct it.

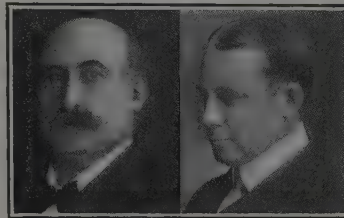
His principal singers have always been capable, conscientious artists, quite equal to the demands made on them. Only two for-



MISS RITA NEWMAN
As Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana"

a company is the sole means in a country of imparting to the vast general public a knowledge of the masterpieces of operatic art, its value as an educational factor is seriously to be reckoned with.

This success must be due to general excellence of performance as well as to a varied and interesting repertory. The musical intelligence of this good land is not confined to the patrons of Mr. Conried's enterprise. Heaven help us if it were! Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis and other cities of that class are quite as keen as New York. Mr. Grau several times discovered that fact to his loss when on tour with his company and Mr. Savage has never allowed it to escape his calculation. He has aimed to organize a good, solid, well-balanced ensemble. It has taken years of experiments, not



N. B. EMMANUEL ELLIOTT SCHENCK
Conductors.

eign voices are noted in the organization, and these are among the male principals. The chorus is all-American for the first time in American grand opera history. It was no less an authority than Mme. Schumann-Heink who recently observed that "the great voices of the future must come from America." Mr. Savage had long since realized this prophecy. From the Savage company have gone forth singers to gain fame in distant lands. At the Grand Opera in

Paris Josephine Ludwig, a St. Louis girl, for three years with this company, has been winning bravos during the past six months. In St. Petersburg Yvonne De Treville, another of Savage's former English Grand Opera girls, is the favorite at the Royal Opera. Among the prima donnas in this country formerly with the company are such well-known



PIETRO GHERADI
As Don Jose in "Carmen"

MISS MARION IVELL
As Amneris in "Aida"

MISS JEAN L. BROOKS
As Arline in "The Bohemian Girl"

MR. MARSANO
As Telramund

singers as Grace Van Studdiford, Maude Lillian Berri, Maud Lambert, Clara Lane, Gertrude Quinlan, Jennie MacNichol, Amy Whalley and a host of others. The company still includes a number of the best singers that started with it several years ago, among whom should be mentioned the popular tenor Joseph Sheehan; Winfred Goff, the baritone, Francis J. Boyle, the basso, Gertrude Rennyson, soprano, and Marrion Ivell, the young contralto whose Carmen has attracted favorable critical notice. Among Mr. Savage's new singers winning fame for the first time in America are Jean Lane Brooks and Antoinette LeBrun,

sopranos, Rita Newman, a mezzo-soprano, Pietro Gherardi, the tenor, Remi Marsano and Alber Wallerstedt, baritones, Harrison W. Bennett, the basso, and several younger singers.

The repertoire this year includes Verdi's "Othello," "Aida," and "Il Trovatore"; Wagner's "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser"; Gounod's "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet"; Puccini's "Tosca"; Mascagni's "Cavaleria Rusticana"; Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor"; Bizet's "Carmen"; Flotow's "Martha"; and Balfe's "Bohemian Girl." We are also promised Puccini's new "Mme. Butterfly" and possibly Charpentier's "Louise." WILLIAM E. WALTER.

A Chat with Signor Caruso



SIGNOR CARUSO IN "MANON"

ONE of the sensations of the present opera season, apart from the production of "Parsifal," has been the American début of Signor Enrico Caruso, the Italian tenor. This is his first visit to the United States, but he has sung in Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres and other South American cities, he is famous in his native Italy, and last year he made the conquest of London.

Signor Caruso makes his home in New York with some fellow countrymen and there the writer had a little chat with him the other day. As soon as one enters the house America is left outside. All is Italian, from the pretty black-eyed maid with her gold hoop ear-rings, who opened the door, to the artistic furnishings and bric-a-brac.

Caruso welcomed us in the affable Italian manner. He is very broad shouldered, with splendid chest development, and almost his first remark was to complain that the American newspapers have persistently described him as short.

"Am I short?" he exclaimed, drawing himself up. And standing beside a friend several inches shorter, he added indignantly: "I am five feet nine; is that short? I do not make use of devices for increasing my height either, no high heels or inner heels."

The singer has the black hair and eyes and the dark complexion usually associated in this country with Italians, nor is this strange since he comes from Naples, the most musical part of that land of song.

He laughingly assured us that he had learned three sentences of English since his arrival.

"The theatres here are very fine," he said. "The audiences are unusually intelligent, and the women—beautiful, oh, most beautiful!" He clasped his hands as if in ecstasy. "They are so enthusiastic, too. Even more so than in Italy. It is a sign of intelligence."

"Are you gratified at your success here?"

"Could I be otherwise. Everybody—press, public, has been most kind."

"What are your favorite rôles?"

"I have none. I do not believe in favorite rôles. An artist, to be an artist, should sing all rôles—always provided they are well written and really good music—equally well. He should throw himself into them, become the character,

or else"—an expressive shrug—"he is not an artist."

"Do you sing any of the Wagnerian rôles?"

A characteristic shrug followed the question.

"I have sung Lohengrin in Italian, nothing else. The Wagnerian rôles are not for me. I do not wish to ruin my voice. My compass is so" [he measured a distance of two feet] "the Wagnerian tenor rôles are all written here" [another gesture, indicating the upper third of his compass]. "If I sing only up there, what happens? No, they are not for us Italians. When I am forty-five or fifty, perhaps, then I will sing them. It will not matter then if I spoil my voice."

Caruso has already appeared in New York in the operas "Rigolletto," "La Bohème," "Tosca," "Aida," "I Pagliacci," and "La Traviata," and three times in Philadelphia.

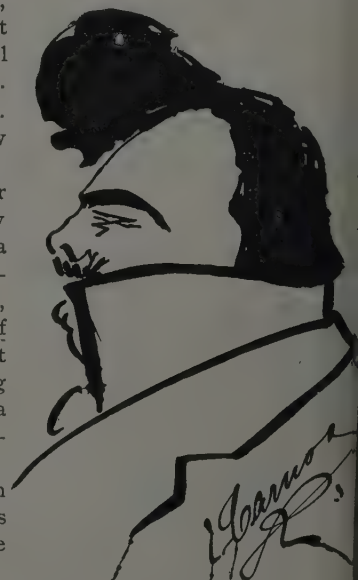
Among the operas whose tenor rôles Caruso has sung are Franchetti's "Germania," in which he appeared at the initial performance in Milan a year ago last March; Cilea's "Adrienne Lecouvreur," produced in the same city last winter with great success; Giordano's "Fedora," and the opera "L'Arlesiana."

The tenor is very clever at caricatures, and was very willing to dash off the accompanying caricature of himself for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Signor Caruso could not become enthusiastic over our climate. "It is not the cold, no, nor is it dampness, but these terrible and continual changes, every day different. Nor do I like your heated houses. They are too warm. And New York is so noisy—an *inferno*."

He has reason to regret our strenuous life, for very recently on his way to take a train a trolley car ran into the automobile in which he was seated, there was a great shattering of glass, and he was painfully cut on head and wrist. "I sang that same night in Philadelphia in 'Lucia,' but it was very painful," he added plaintively.

We shall not have him with us much longer, as he leaves in February to sing at Monte Carlo. ELISE LATHROP.



A caricature of Signor Caruso, drawn by himself



ht, Aime Dupont

Miss Foernsen

Miss Berndorf

Miss Marcia Van Dresser

Miss Hofman

SOME OF THE FLOWER GIRLS IN "PARSIFAL"

The Truth in Regard to "Parsifal"

By W. J. HENDERSON

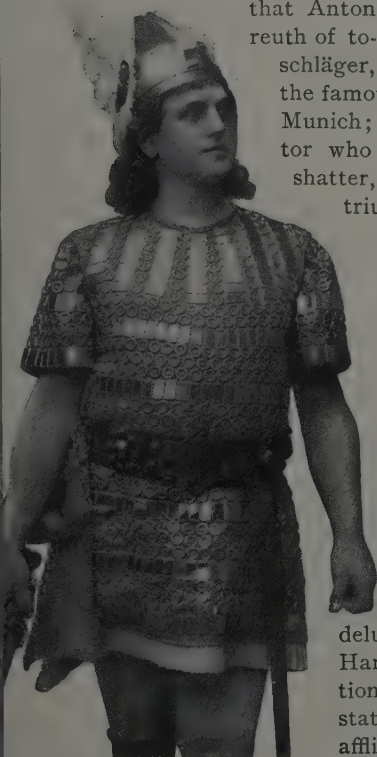
THE world of music centered itself in "Parsifal" last month. Heinrich Conried fulfilled his promise to wrest the monopoly of this unique work of art from Baireuth. The Wagner family raged and the Berlin Wagnerverein imagined a vain thing. Nothing could prevent the production but the refusal of competent artists, stage managers and conductors to do the necessary work. There was no refusal, and the record stands that Anton Fuchs, who made the Baireuth of to-day what it is; Carl Lautenschläger, the mechanical magician of the famous Prince Regent Theatre of Munich; and Alfred Hertz, a conductor who had no fraternal bonds to shatter, brought the enterprise to a triumphant issue.

The initial performance took place on Christmas eve, 1903, and since that time the exhibition has been given with scheduled regularity on each Thursday night. At each disclosure the opera house has been crowded with a curious throng made up partly of habitual music drinkers, partly of people who regard it as their duty to find out what's going on in town, and partly of deluded curiosity seekers from Harlem, Hoboken and way stations, all filled with a faith in the statements of press agents, critics afflicted with Wagneromania and hysterical ladies who once visited

Baireuth. It is both amusing and pathetic to see an audience sitting with bowed heads at the performance of this Kiralfy spectacle of holy things. If Wagner had really hurled into the world a work of genius, a masterpiece, in this, his swan song, I, too, should cry "Ave Imperator", and bow the knee; for no man worships more devoutly at the shrine of Wagner than I do. But it seems to me that there is something defective in the vision which fails to penetrate the tinselled garb of processional, ballet, transformation scenes, steam and purple light and to discern the emaciated and anæmic form which is beneath.

"The story of "Parsifal" has already been told at length in this magazine. It needs no repetition here. But let us briefly recount the elements of this music drama. We have a king who has yielded to seduction and received an incurable wound, red and revolting, which may be exhibited at will by laying back a flap in the bosom of his robe. This, we are told, symbolizes the gnawing tooth of conscience. We have a prophecy that this wound shall be healed by a guileless fool enlightened by pity. We have a wicked magician with an enchanted garden full of Tenderloin ladies, whose business it is to lead good young men from the path of virtue. One of these is Kundry, who when she is well a saint would be, but when ill and under the hypnotic spell of Klingsor, the devil a saint is she. It was she who despoiled the Grail King Amfortas.

Now Parsifal, by observing in Act I the ceremony of the unveiling of the Grail and the Lord's Supper—the latter lugged in by Wagner to awe pious minds—and manifesting no curiosity about it all, demonstrates that he an innocent fool. Kicked out of the castle, he falls straight into the lures of the magic garden and when the transformed Kundry, now doing her celebrated temptation act, smothers his lips in a kiss 45 seconds long, he is miraculously enlightened, so that when Klingsor attempts to pin him with



ht, Aime Dupont
HERR KRAUS AS "LOHENGRIN"

the sacred spear, originally captured from Amfortas. He catches the weapon on the fly, makes a cross on the air with it, and brings on the transformation scene. The beautiful flower garden turns to ashes of roses and Act II ends.

In Act III Parsifal finds his way back to the Grail country and meets Kundry, who is now a penitent. He baptizes her and she washes his feet and anoints him. More claptrap to awe the pious. It has nothing to do with the story. Parsifal is conducted to the Grail castle again, once more sees the Grail brought in, and this time by touching the wound with the holy spear cures the sufferer.

The scenic attire of the opera is superb and the production on the whole is the most magnificent ever accorded to a lyric drama in this country. In several respects it is better than the original at Baireuth. The flower girl scene is far better done here, for over yonder Cosima Wagner has trained each of the girls in such detail that the whole lot of them are mere marionettes.

Mme. Ternina has added greatly to her artistic renown by her splendid performance of Kundry. No one yet knows what Kundry is, because she is three distinct personages in the three acts, and no one can explain any one of them. Learned disquisitions have been written, but they have demonstrated the futility of Wagner's plan. To explain Kundry critics have had to dig up all the old legends having the slightest bearing on the matter. Of course this only helps to convince reflective minds that Wagner made a mighty poor play when he wrote "Parsifal". A drama, to be good, must be self-explanatory.

Mr. Burgstaller, despite his Cosimatic postures and gestures, sings Parsifal with such communicative style and with such temperamental force that he is irresistible. Mr.

Van Rooy attends capably to the wailings of the suffering king, and Mr. Blass recites the tedious stories of the ancient Gurnemanz as if he really believed in them.

Finally something really ought to be said about the music, for after all Wagner was a composer. It is both difficult and easy to believe that this music was written by the composer of "Tannhäuser", "Die Meistersinger", and the other great works. It is difficult to believe it because of the utter lack of the native fire of inspiration found in the other scores. It is easy because of the continual echoing and paraphrasing of the thoughts conceived for the making of the greater works. This is the product of a man at hard labor. It is unquestionably the work of a genius, but not a work of genius. But it is a tremendous popular success, and it is like Katisha's left shoulder blade, in that people come miles to see it.

The December concerts of the Philharmonic Society were conducted by Gustave F. Kogel, of Frankfurt. His revelations were made at the

first entertainment in Beethoven's C minor symphony, the prelude and finale of "Tristan und Isolde" and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel". At the second he conducted the Brahms C minor symphony, Wagner's "Eine Faust" overture, and Liszt's "Les Preludes". Mr. Kogel proved to be a substantial, intelligent reader of scores. Nature constructed him on a practical plan and designed him for a long and contented life. Therefore she did not make him neurotic or poetic. He

caused the Philharmonic musicians to play with vigor and precision. He hustled them through the Beethoven symphony at a lively gait, but he did the "Tristan" music admirably. The soloist in the first of his two concerts was Adele aus der Ohe, who reappeared here after a considerable absence. She played the second piano concerto of Tschai-kowsky. She was in a strenuous mood and smote the keyboard unsparingly in the first and third movements, but she played the second with more restraint and with intelligence.

The Philharmonic rehearsal of January 8 and the concert of January 9 introduced to this public the London conductor Henry J. Wood. His *pièce de resistance* was Tschai-kowsky's fifth symphony. The work has never been interpreted here with more poetry, more detail of light and shade, more eloquent power in the climaxes. It was a reading which fully explained how Mr. Wood has succeeded in arousing English enthusiasm for the music of the famous Russian master. The solo performer of the entertainments was the American violinist, Maud Powell, who played the Saint-Saëns concerto in B minor. Miss Powell's performance was distinguished by beautiful and opulent tone, brilliant technic and thorough appreciation of the music. She is to-day the first of women violinists and there is little of feminine weakness in her playing.

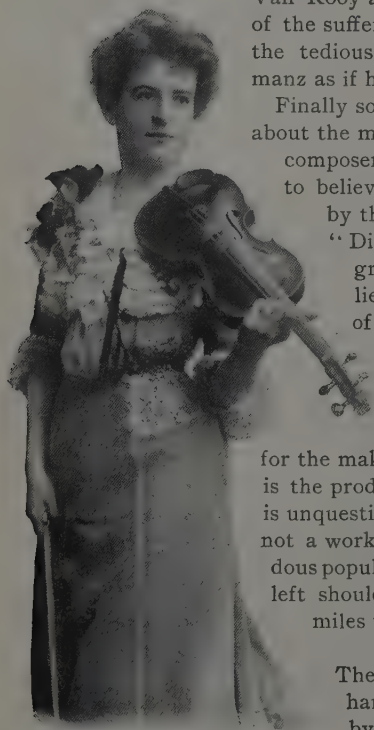
One of the most interesting incidents of the past month was the performance at the Kneisel Quartet concert on January 5 of Bach's concerto in D minor for two violins. The players were Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Theodorowicz, the second violinist of the quartet, and they were supported by a small body of strings, led by David Mannes. Such beautiful Bach playing is rarely heard and the treatment of the cadenza by the two artists was a masterpiece of technic and interpretation.

At the opera in addition to "Parsifal" Sembrich's appearances in "Traviata", "Lucia" and "Il Barbiere" commanded warm praise.

W. J. HENDERSON.



ADELE AUS DER OHE (Pianiste)



Gessford, N. Y.
MISS MAUD POWELL
Well-known American violinist who has scored
great success here and abroad

Patti's Wonderful Art

Patti tells you that she never studied the art of producing or emitting the voice. Nature, alone and unaided, accomplished that marvel. To keep the organ in perfect condition she has but to run over the scales ten minutes every morning. Her vocalization is one of those miracles that can not be explained. Its wondrous certainty and finish are assuredly not arrived at without some labor; but in the end the miracle seems to have accomplished itself. Her "ear" is phenomenal. She never forgets a tune, and will instantly name the opera or composition in which it occurs. Another mystery is the perennial freshness of her voice, which, after half a century of constant use, retains well-nigh unimpaired the delicious sweetness and bell-like timbre of early womanhood. No other example of perfect preservation stands on record in the annals of the lyric art. To analyze its secret one can only say, here surely is a singer of marvelous constitution, heaven-gifted with a faultless method, who has studiously nursed her physical resources, and has never, under any circumstances, imposed the smallest undue strain upon the exquisitely proportioned mechanism of her vocal organs.—From "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London."

Ethel: "Who was that man you just bowed to?"

Penlope: "That was Dobson, the great composer."

Ethel: "A composer, did you say?"

Penlope: "He manufactures soothing syrup."

QUO VADIS DOMINIE?

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
MEYER BROTHERS & CO.
OFFICES: MEYER BUILDING, 26 WEST 33D ST., NEW YORK
TELEPHONE: 1749 MADISON SQUARE
CABLE ADDRESS:
ARTDEALER, NEW YORK

LONDON: The International News Co., Chancery Lane, E. C.
PARIS: 26 Rue Drouot
SOUTHERN OFFICE: 234 Main Street, Norfolk, Va.
CHICAGO OFFICE: Suite 52, Grand Opera House Bldg.

TO CONTRIBUTORS

ARTICLES—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration special articles on dramatic or musical topics, short stories dealing with life on the stage, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to ensure the return of contributions not found to be available.

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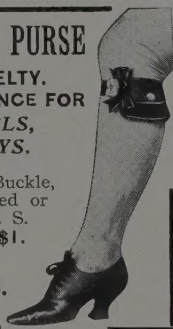
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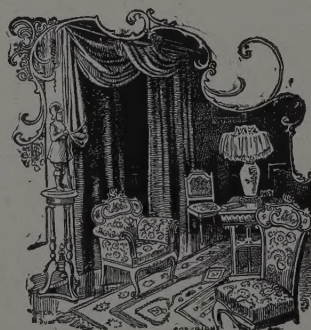
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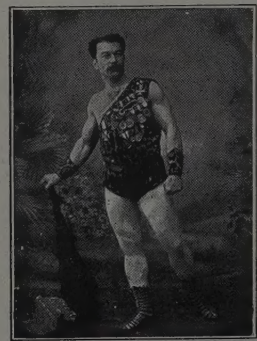
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